A POWER COMIC

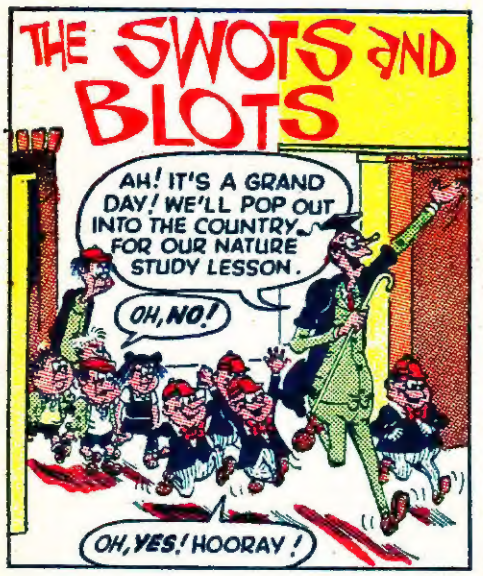
NEVER BE DOWN-IN THE-MOUTH WITH...

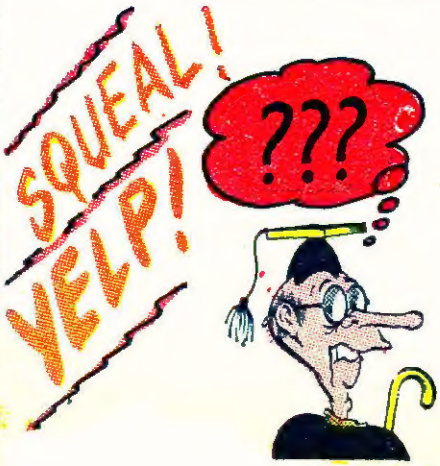
SMASH!

No. 128
13th JULY 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS





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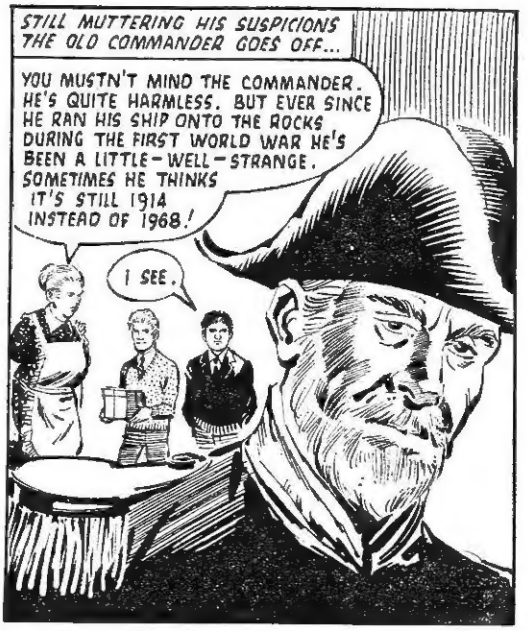
BRIAN'S BRAIN



BUT I'LL PERFECT MY MACHINE, AND WHEN I DO I'LL BE ABLE TO BRING BACK THE PAST. YOU'LL SEE.
OF COURSE YOU WILL, PROFESSOR. BUT IN THE MEANTIME DON'T FORGET IT'S NEARLY LUNCH TIME, WILL YOU?

AUNT OLIVIA TAKES THE BOYS TO THE ROOM THEY ARE TO OCCUPY.
NOW YOU'VE MET BOTH MY BOARDERS. I KNOW THEY ARE A LITTLE ECCENTRIC BUT THEY ARE REALLY VERY NICE GENTLEMEN.
I'M SURE THEY ARE, AUNT OLIVIA.

THAT AFTERNOON THE BOYS WANDER THROUGH THE QUIET VILLAGE AND DOWN TO THE HARBOUR.
IT SEEMS SO PEACEFUL. AND YET ALL THOSE STRANGE THINGS DID HAPPEN. ALMOST AS THOUGH SOME OF THE PAST CAME TO LIFE.
COULD IT BE THAT THE PROFESSOR'S TIME MACHINE DOES WORK? COULD HE BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT WE HAVE SEEN? HOW CAN WE FIND OUT?

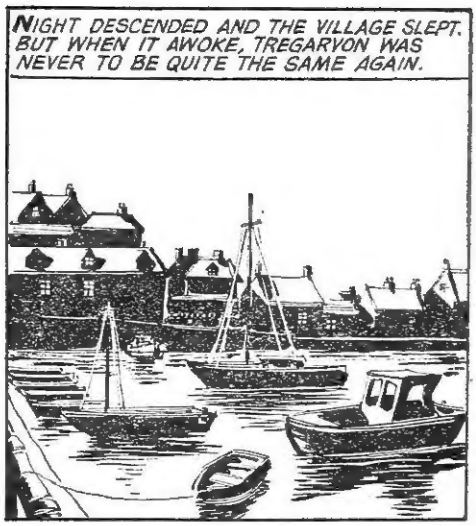
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL WE HAVE THE HOUSE TO OURSELVES AND THEN WE'LL TAKE THE BRAIN INTO THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM.
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BRIAN. THE BRAIN WILL BE ABLE TO TELL WHETHER THE PROFESSOR'S TIME MACHINE REALLY COULD WORK.

THE OPPORTUNITY CAME THAT VERY AFTERNOON
THERE'S NO-ONE ABOUT.
BUT WE MUST BE QUICK BECAUSE SOMEONE COULD RETURN AT ANY MOMENT.

THE WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN MAKES ITS EXAMINATION OF THE PROFESSOR'S APPARATUS.
INTERESTING. VERY INTERESTING.
YOU MEAN IT REALLY COULD WORK, BRAIN?

I MEAN THAT THIS APPARATUS IS ABSOLUTE RUBBISH. IT COULD NOT AFFECT TIME OR ANYTHING ELSE.
WELL! THAT'S A RELIEF.
AND NOW WE MUST GET BACK TO OUR OWN ROOM.

THE BOYS ARE TIRED AFTER THEIR LONG JOURNEY AND IT IS STILL LIGHT WHEN THEY DECIDE TO GO TO BED. BRIAN TAKES A LAST LOOK FROM THE WINDOW
EVERYTHING IS SO NORMAL. I HOPE THAT THERE'LL BE NO MORE STRANGE HAPPENINGS. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS HOLIDAY AND I WANT TO ENJOY IT.
SHE BOUTIQUE


NIGHT DESCENDED AND THE VILLAGE SLEPT. BUT WHEN IT AWOKE, TREGARVON WAS NEVER TO BE QUITE THE SAME AGAIN.

AFTER GETTING UP THE FOLLOWING MORNING BRIAN OPENS THE CURTAINS... AND A STARTLED CRY BURSTS FROM HIS LIPS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
WHAT IS IT, BRIAN?

DURING THE NIGHT THE VILLAGE OF TREGARVON HAD GONE BACK FIFTY YEARS IN TIME.
NEXT WEEK—THE PAST LIVES AGAIN!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

. . . AND SPEAKING OF HOLIDAYS . . . (well, we were! A couple of weeks back!) . . . we utter due warning, brothers! Holiday time can be a time of grief, of teeth-gnashing frustration as well as a time for fun and happiness. For no other reason than this is the time when many true Followers of Power FAIL TO GET THEIR COPIES while they are away from home. And what's more, are NEVER able to get them! Doesn't bear thinking about, does it! But it happens! We get downright lump-in-the-throat-making letters every year around this time to PROVE it! And yet protection against this particular brand of unthinkableness is SO EASY! We've said it before and we'll say it again. DON'T TAKE A CHANCE EACH WEEK ON YOUR NEWSAGENT HAVING A SPARE COPY OF YOUR FAVOURITE POWER COMIC ON HIS COUNTER! That's sheer flirting with disaster. PLACE A REGULAR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT. When you go on holiday you can ask him to continue to order in your comic and keep it for you on your return from holiday.

On the other hand, if you PREFER to read your Power paper whilst ON holiday (and who can blame you for that?) here's what to do. Newsagents in holiday resorts usually order in EXTRA copies of comics. But on the other hand that resort is filled with a lot of EXTRA readers. So you could still miss out. UNLESS, and heed well these hallowed words of wisdom, frantic one. . . . The first thing you do . . . even before you hit the beach . . . is scoot around to the nearest newsagent. GIVE HIM YOUR NAME . . . ASK him to RESERVE you a copy of your favourite comic for the weeks you're going to be down there.

As easy as that! No trouble! No grief! And we get no more letters of woe from you Brothers of Power. Darn it, those letters make us feel miserable, too. So do what we suggest, hey? . . .

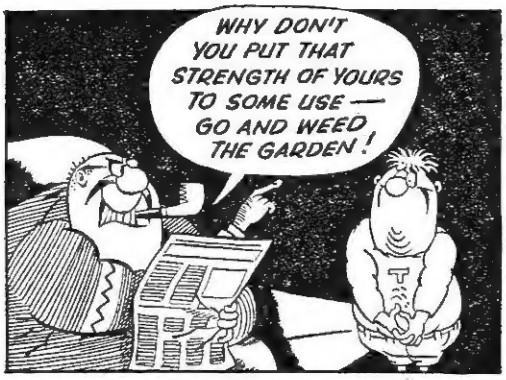
IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR GARRET GANG! IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING! . . . but keep an eye on FANTASTIC! We've been genuising up new ideas to do the impossible! We're going to IMPROVE UPON THE PERFECT! Namely FANTASTIC! Right now we're huddling over ideas to pack EVEN MORE solid honest-to-goodness ENTERTAINMENT into this peerless Power-packer! Competitions, super-hero puzzles, truly fantastic features that'll have all comics-action buffs just CROONING with delight. So . . . like we said . . . KEEP AN EYE ON FANTASTIC . . . every week!

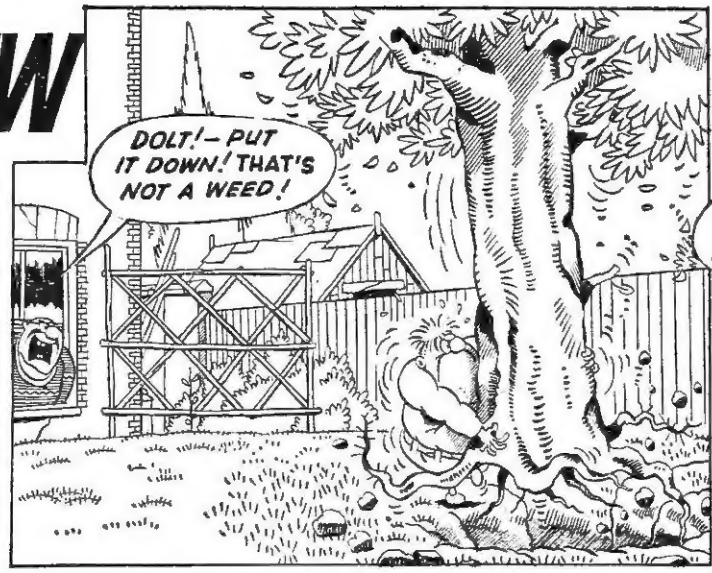
NEXT WEEK . . . in FANTASTIC, as well as the rest of the Power Pack, we'll be giving you the results of the "Win-a-Speed-Disc" Competition. The 25 lucky Powerhousers who untangled the names of the four racing drivers and created a snappy last line for the unfinished limerick.

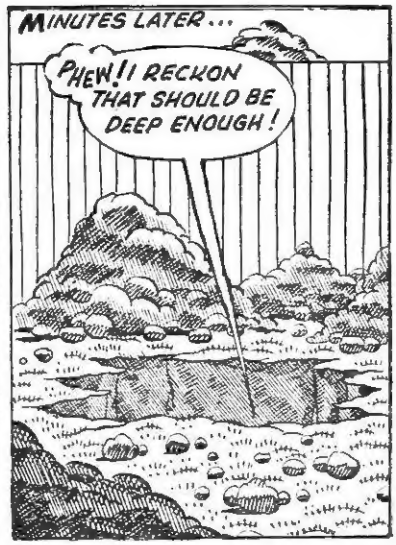
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

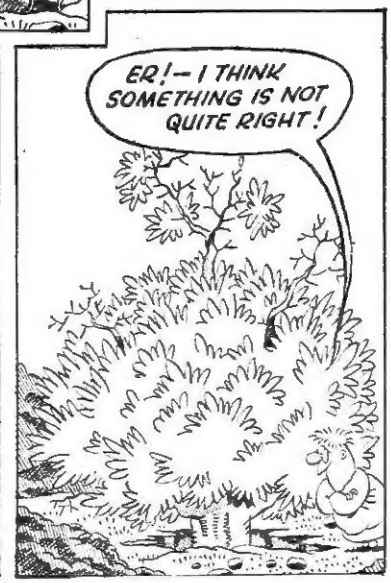
Carol Butler, Basildon, Essex; Kevin Turner, Chelmsford, Essex; Gary Halford, Syston, Leics.; C. Denton, Doncaster, Yorks.; Kim Bissell, Greenford, Middx.; Martin Gough, Chippenham, Wiltshire; Geoffrey Hughes, Ebbw Vale, Mon.; Clive Hencher, Tewkesbury, Glos.; P. Higgs, Epsom, Surrey; Christopher Howland, Bristol, 4; Stephen Gillett, Southampton, Hants.; Edward O'Neill, Co. Derry, N. Ireland; Shaun Vickers, Leeds, Yorkshire; Melvyn Simpson, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.; G. Saunders, New Eltham, S.E.9; Michael Donnelly, Tunbridge Wells; Christopher Wright, Streatham, London; Paul Toseland, nr. Kettering, Northants; T. Tiernan, Widnes, Lancs.; Jeffrey Cooper, Colchester, Essex.

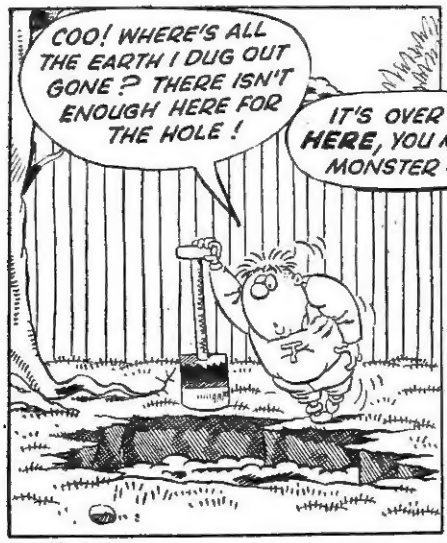
TUFFY McGREW

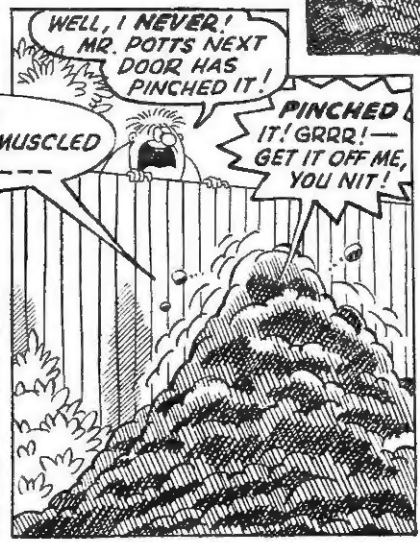








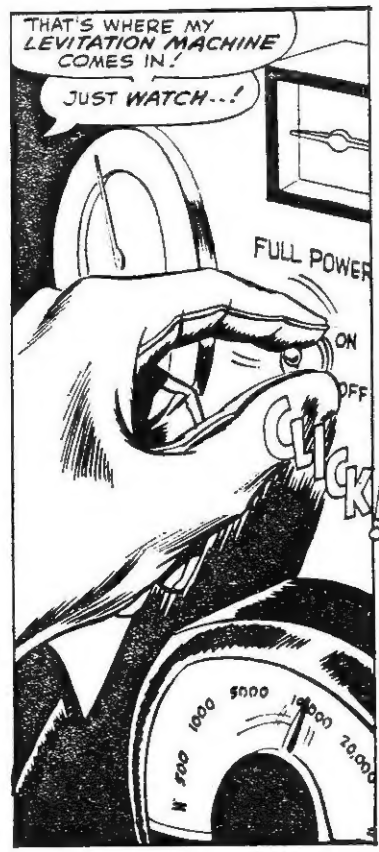




HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL IN: The TRI-MAN LIVES!

THE MASKED MARAUDER AND THE GLADIATOR AIM TO TAKE OVER THE CURRENTLY LEADERLESS CRIME CARTEL CALLED THE *MAGGIA*... AND TO "QUALIFY" BY DEFEATING DAREDEVIL — WITH THE HELP OF THE MARAUDER'S ABOMINABLE INVENTION...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966



HAH! I SEE YOU CRINGE IN FEAR AT THE AWESOME DISPLAY OF SHEER POWER WHICH MY LITTLE DEVICE GENERATES!
IT'S TIME YOU REALIZED THAT THERE ARE MORE FEARSOME THINGS THAN YOUR OWN NATURAL STRENGTH!
BLAST YOU, MARAUDER!! IN A SHOWDOWN, I'LL TAKE MY OWN POWER AGAINST ALL YOUR CORNY MACHINES PUT TOGETHER!!

YOU MAY YET HAVE YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND!
BUT, FOR THE MOMENT. LET'S PUT ASIDE OUR PERSONAL DIFFERENCES!
NOW THAT THE LEVITATION RAY IS ACTIVATED, WE MUST SELECT THE THREE BEST SUBJECTS TO FURNISH LIFE TO OUR UNCONQUERABLE TRI-ANDROID!
OR, PERHAPS WE SHOULD CALL HIM OUR TRI-MAN!

A SHORT TIME LATER, A DOWN-AND-OUT WRESTLER KNOWN AS THE MANGLER LEAVES A RUN-DOW GYM!
I'M THE STRONGEST RASSLER IN THE GAME... AND I CAN'T GET ME A MATCH!
NONE OF THE OTHER CREEPS'LL GET IN THE RING WITH ME... 'CAUSE I MUSS 'EM UP TOO MUCH!
FRANK'S GYM

BUT THEN, AS THE MANGLER WALKS UNDER AN ORDINARY-LOOKING HALL LIGHT...
WHEN I START FIGHTIN', I SEE RED! NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME! I GOT TO ...HEY!
WHAT DO THEY EXPECT?? THEY'RE RASSLERS, AIN'T THEY?
WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO ME??

WITHIN SECONDS, NAUGHT BUT A SMALL BATTERED BAG REMAINS... IN THE SPOT WHERE THE MANGLER HAD PASSED!

AND, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TEEMING CITY, A FAST-MOVING SAFE-CRACKER CALLED THE DANCER IS SILENTLY GOING ABOUT HIS OWN ENDEAVOURS...
ANOTHER FEW SECONDS 'N I'LL BE DONE!
THEN, NO ONE CAN CATCH UP TO THE SHIFTY DANCER!

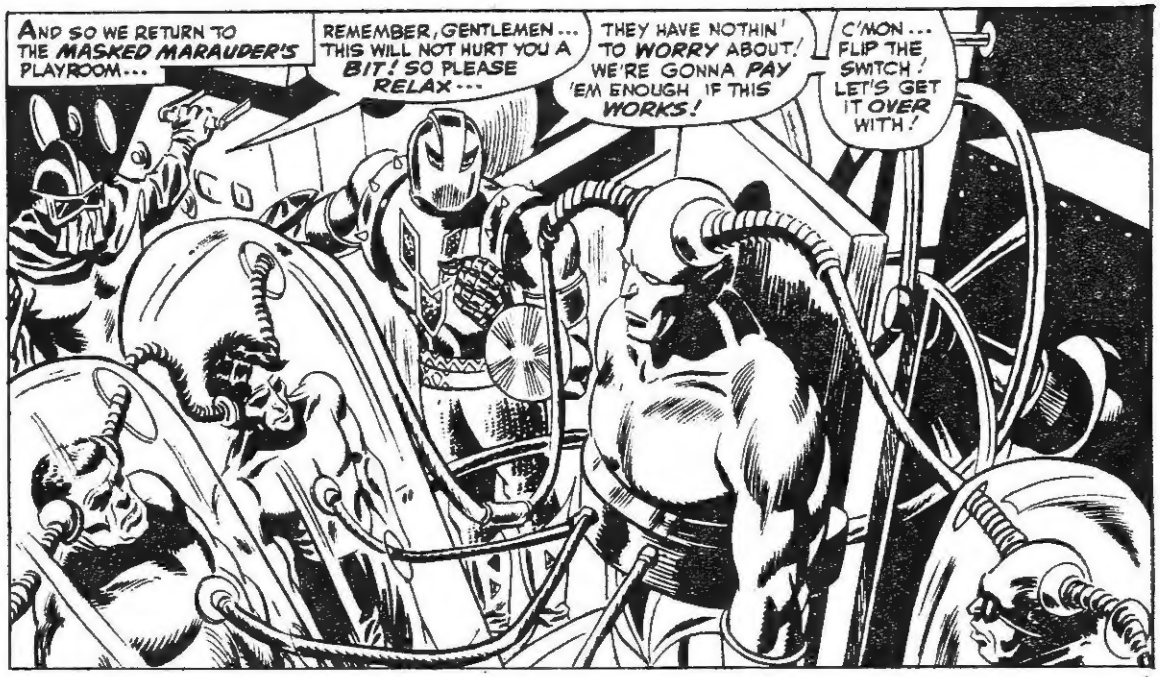
'CAUSE WHEN I START TO MOVE... I'M THE FASTEST HEIST IN THE RACKETS!

HEY! THAT LIGHT WAS OUT A MINUTE AGO!
WHO TURNED IT ON??!

BUT, ALAS... THE DANCER IS DESTINED TO RECEIVE NO ANSWER... AT LEAST, NOT FOR A WHILE...!

FINALLY, STILL ANOTHER DENIZEN OF THE UNDERWORLD, KNOWN SIMPLY AS... THE BRAIN... PULLS A LIGHT CORD...
IT IS TIME TO STUDY MY PLANS FOR TOMORROW!
KLIK!

BUT, FOR THE STARTLED BRAIN, TOMORROW WILL HAVE TO WAIT...!


AND SO WE RETURN TO THE MASKED MARAUDER'S PLAYROOM...
REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN... THIS WILL NOT HURT YOU A BIT! SO PLEASE RELAX...
THEY HAVE NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! WE'RE GONNA PAY 'EM ENOUGH IF THIS WORKS!
C'MON... FLIP THE SWITCH! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

THERE! I'VE DONE IT! HE'S COMING TO LIFE!

IT'S PERFECT! HE'LL HAVE THE STRENGTH OF THE MANGLER... THE SPEED OF THE DANCER...
AND THE SINISTER CUNNING OF..THE BRAIN!
YET, HE'S ANSWERABLE TO US! HE'LL OBEY OUR EVERY COMMAND!

BUT NOW...TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE MAGGIA IS AWARE OF WHAT WE ACCOMPLISH, I'LL CONTACT THEM, AND TELL THEM OF OUR FUTURE PLANS!
THEN, THEY CAN SEE FOR THEMSELVES HOW FLAWLESSLY WE CARRY OUT OUR OBJECTIVE...
--HOW WE'VE PLANNED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY, TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL!

MINUTES LATER, HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD..
WE ARE RECEIVING AN ASTOUNDING TELEVISED MESSAGE ON OUR SPECIAL CLOSED-CIRCUIT FREQUENCY!
ANOTHER APPLICANT FOR MAGGIA LEADERSHIP!! VERY WELL... WE SHALL HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!
BUT, THE ONE TO BE SELECTED MUST TRULY PERFORM THE GREATEST CRIMINAL ACT OF ALL!
OBSERVE! OUR APPLICANT IS THE INFAMOUS MASKED MARAUDER! HE HAS CONCEIVED A MOST DARING PLOT...!

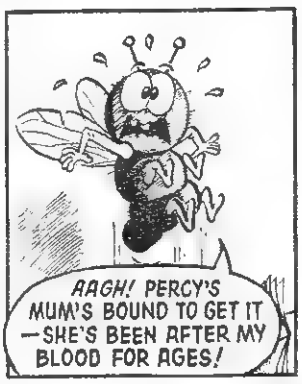
WITHIN THE WEEK, MY TRI-ANDROID SHALL BATTLE AND DEFEAT THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL... IN A PUBLIC FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
IMPOSSIBLE!
AND YET... IF HE SHOULD ACCOMPLISH SUCH A FEAT...!
THE MARAUDER MAY TRULY BE THE ONE TO LEAD US!

SOMETIME LATER, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
SOMEONE SENT ME A COUPLE OF TICKETS TO THE FIGHT TONIGHT, AT THE STADIUM!
HOW ABOUT SLIPPING INTO SOMETHING PUGILISTIC, AND COMING ALONG, KAREN?
I'M SORRY, FOGGY! NOT TONIGHT...!
WHAT WITH MATT WORKING LATE... I'D LIKE TO STAY AROUND THE OFFICE, IN CASE HE NEEDS ME!

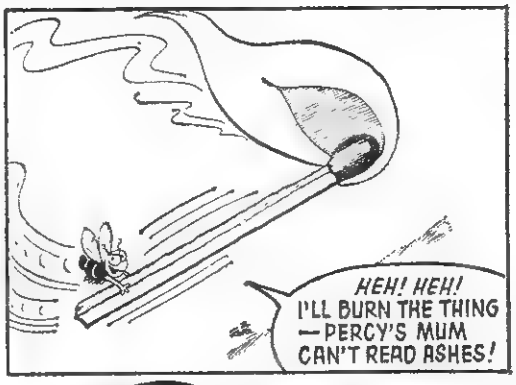
NEXT WEEK— THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

Percy's Pets

H'MM! I SEE THEY'VE INVENTED A NEW FLY KILLER—GUARANTEED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT EFFECTIVE!

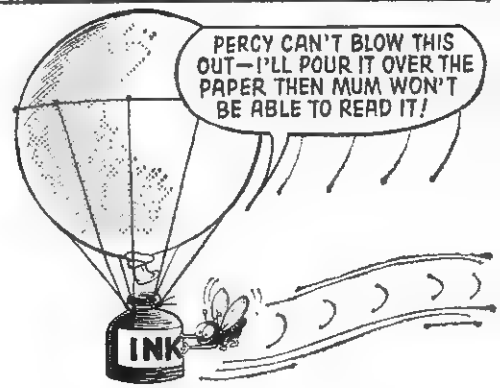

AAGH! PERCY'S MUM'S BOUND TO GET IT —SHE'S BEEN AFTER MY BLOOD FOR AGES!

I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THAT HUMAN'S NEWSPAPER BEFORE SHE READS IT—I BET THAT ADVERTISEMENT'S IN IT, TOO!

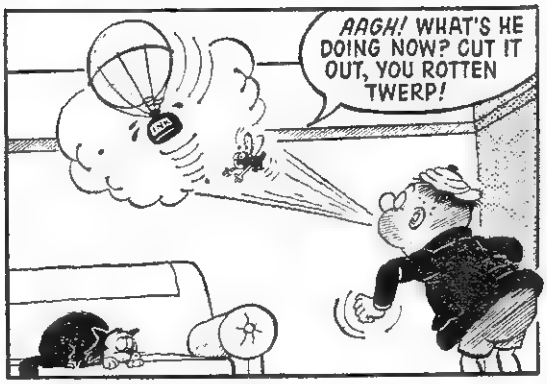

HEH! HEH! I'LL BURN THE THING —PERCY'S MUM CAN'T READ ASHES!

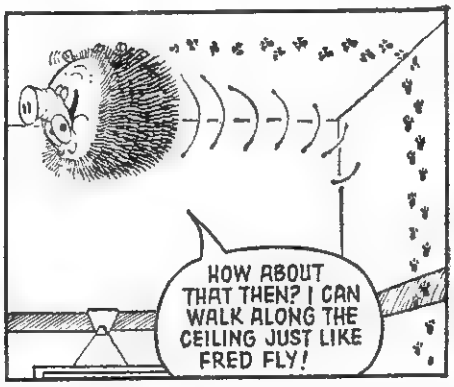
AAGH! A HURRICANE! AND IT'S BLOWN OUT THE BLINKING MATCH!
PHUT!

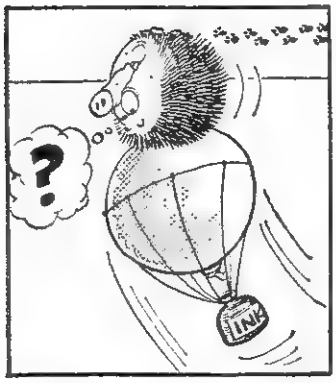
NOT A HURRICANE, FOLKS— IT'S JUST ME! I HAD TO STOP THAT TWERP BEFORE HE SET THE HOUSE ALIGHT AND I GET THE BLAME!
GRRR! IT'S PERCY! TRAITOR!

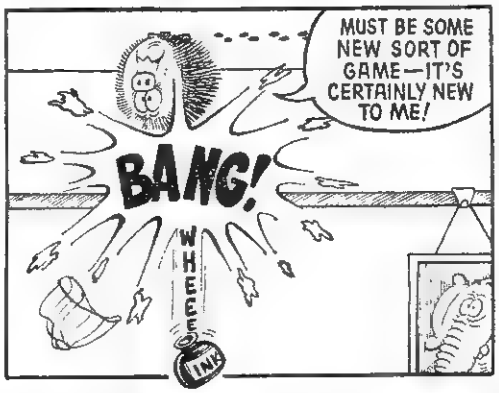

PERCY CAN'T BLOW THIS OUT—I'LL POUR IT OVER THE PAPER THEN MUM WON'T BE ABLE TO READ IT!
INK

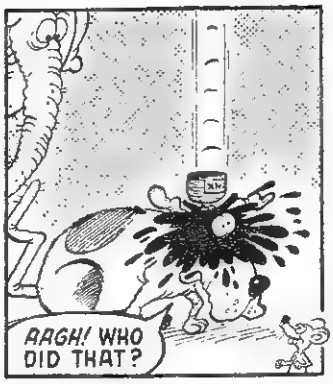
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS WITH THAT —BUT I'D BETTER STOP HIM ANYWAY!


AAGH! WHAT'S HE DOING NOW? CUT IT OUT, YOU ROTTEN TWERP!

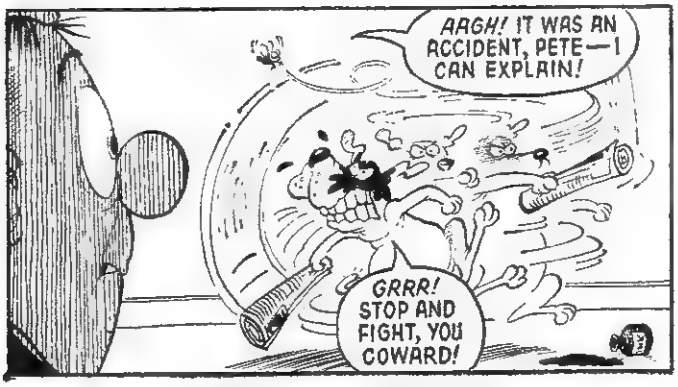

HOW ABOUT THAT THEN? I CAN WALK ALONG THE CEILING JUST LIKE FRED FLY!


?
INK


MUST BE SOME NEW SORT OF GAME—IT'S CERTAINLY NEW TO ME!
BANG!
WHEEE
INK


AAGH! WHO DID THAT?

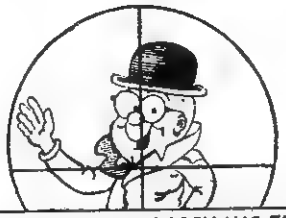
GRR! IT WAS THAT BLINKING FLY! I'LL FIX HIS HASH!


AAGH! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, PETE—I CAN EXPLAIN!
GRRR! STOP AND FIGHT, YOU COWARD!

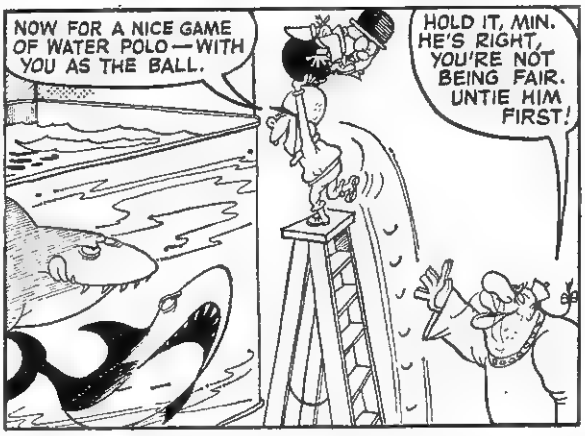
SOON...
HUH! THAT NEWSPAPER'S USELESS NOW—MIGHT AS WELL THROW IT ON THE FIRE!

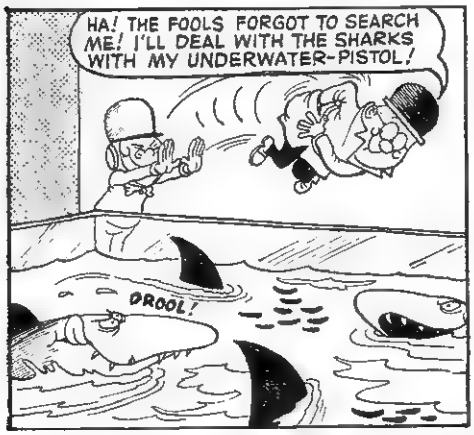
AH, WELL! MUM CAN'T READ IT NOW—I'M SAFE UNTIL TOMORROW!

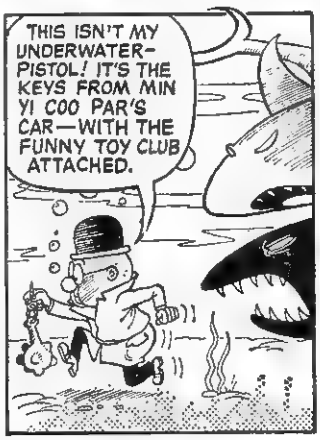
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

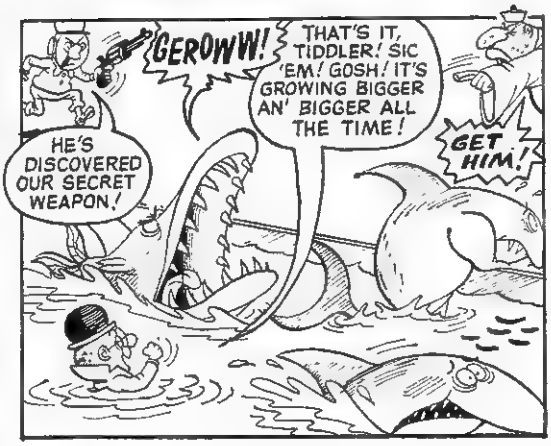


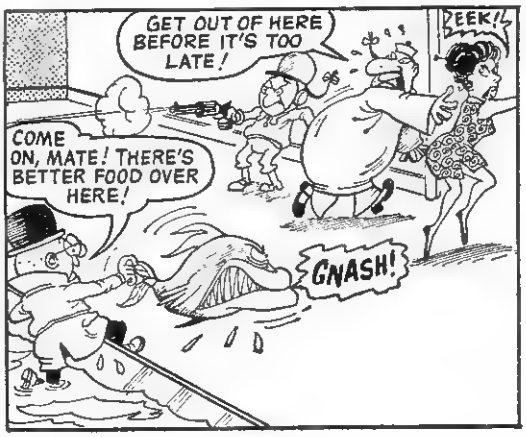
B.U.N.G.L.E. AGENT LARRY HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE NOTORIOUS FISHFINGER IN HIS HIDEOUT AT THE CAVEMAN CLUB. THEY PLAY A GAME OF ROULETTE, WITH LARRY AS THE BALL!

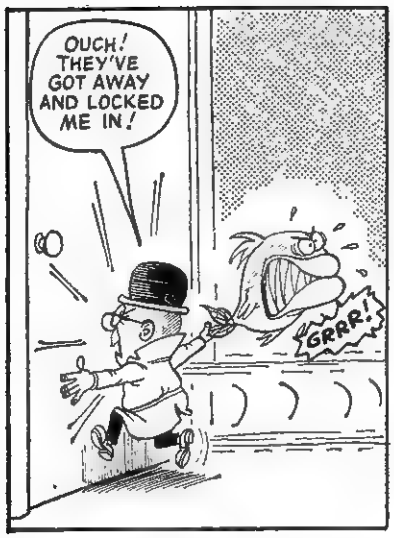


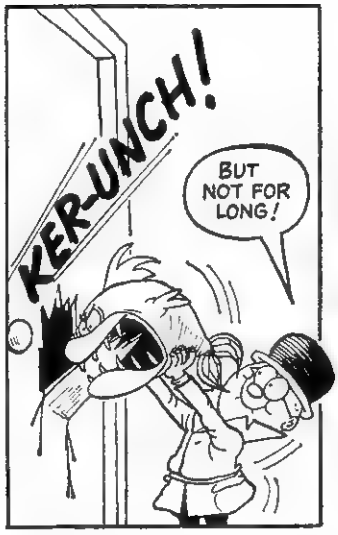




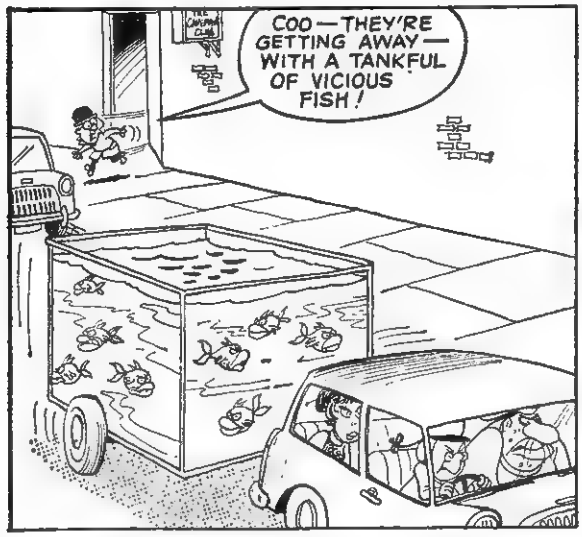





OUCH! THEY'VE GOT AWAY AND LOCKED ME IN!
GRRR!


KER-UNCH!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!

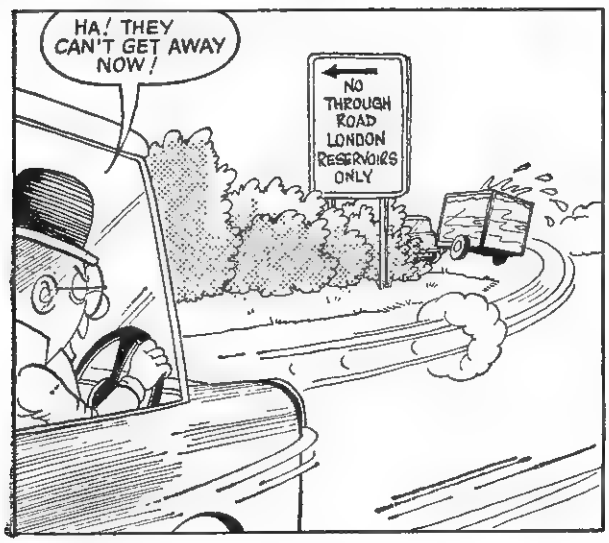
TA, MATE! HOPE IT DOESN'T GIVE YOU INDIGESTION!
YUMMY — APPLEWOOD!


COO — THEY'RE GETTING AWAY — WITH A TANKFUL OF VICIOUS FISH!

I'LL CATCH THEM! EVEN DEMON RACING DRIVER MIN YI COO PAR CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT LOAD HE'S PULLING!

BAH! HE IS GETTING AWAY. THIS MINI HANDLES LIKE A TANK!

WOW! NO WONDER! I'VE GOT A TANK — OF GOLDFISH — TOO!


HA! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!
NO THROUGH ROAD LONDON RESERVOIRS ONLY

HUH?
HELP!
SQUEAL!

OH, MY HERO! BECAUSE OF YOU I'VE MANAGED TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE VILLAINS!
WHA...?

PURRR! MY BIG, HANDSOME HERO!
SMACK!
WOW!

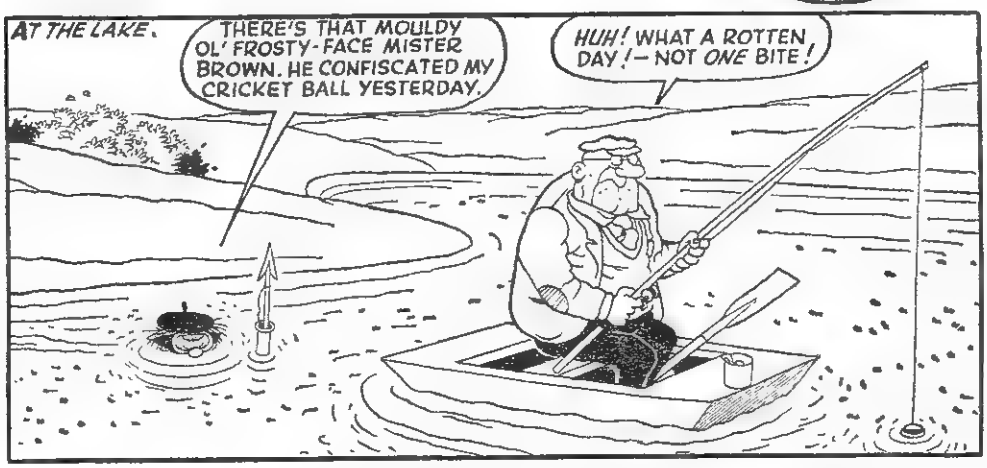
SWOON!
OH, LARRY, I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE WAY TO THANK YOU!

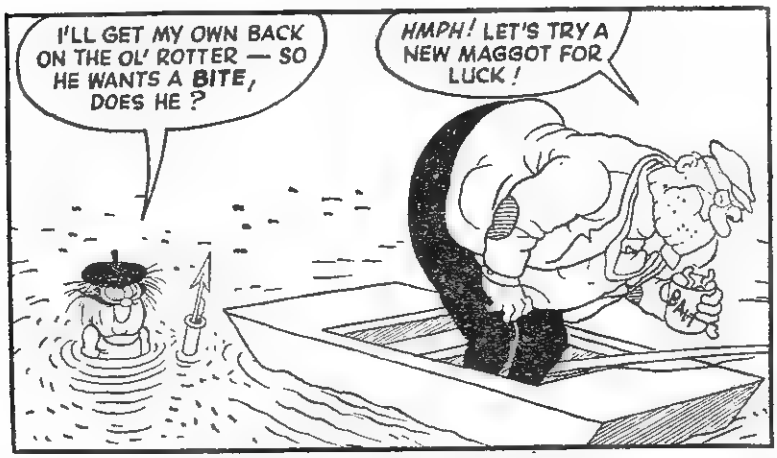
COO! I THINK I'M FALLING FOR HER!

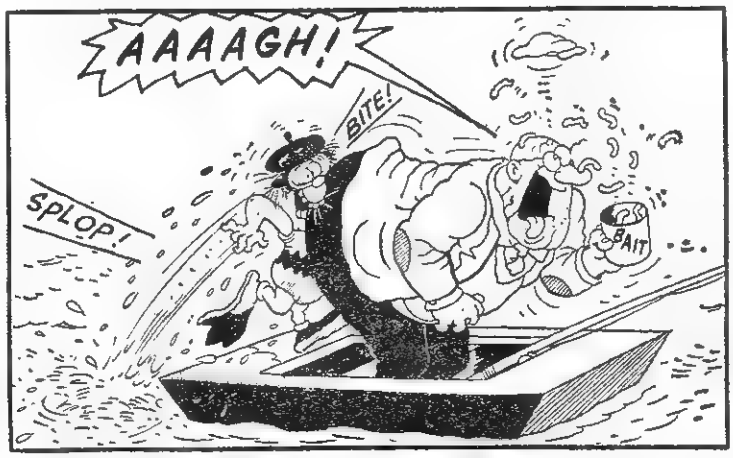
HA! HA! HA! GOODBYE, LITTLE FOOL!
YOW! I AM FALLING!
NEXT ISH — MORE FUN WITH THE FISH!

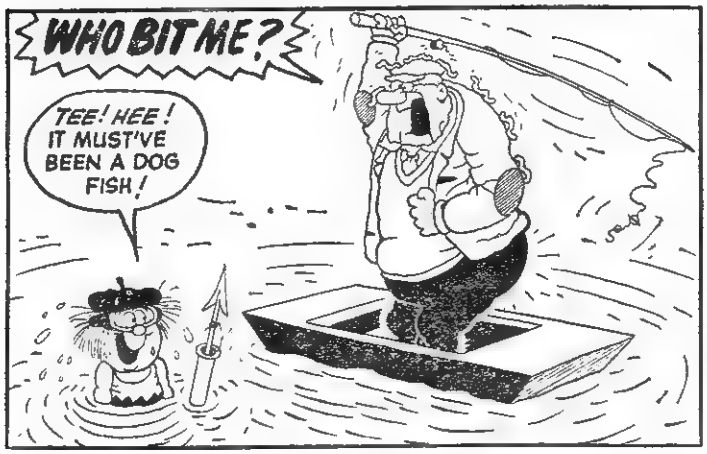
BAD PENNY

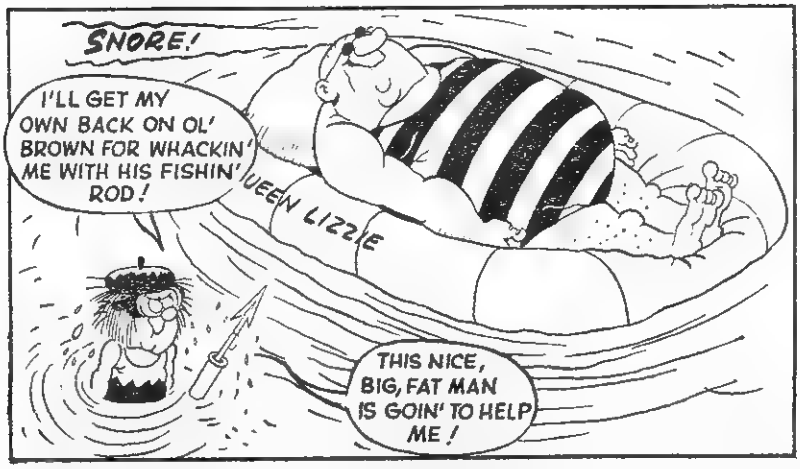
ONE PENNY 1968

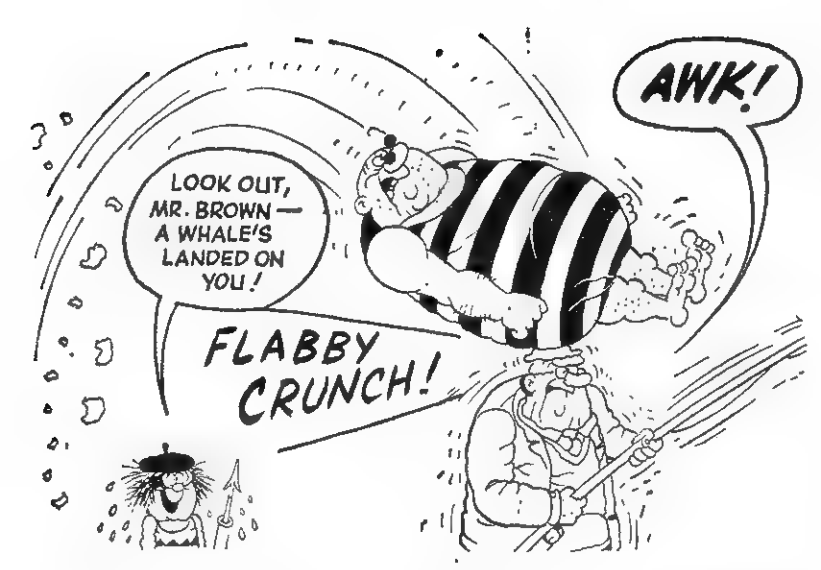


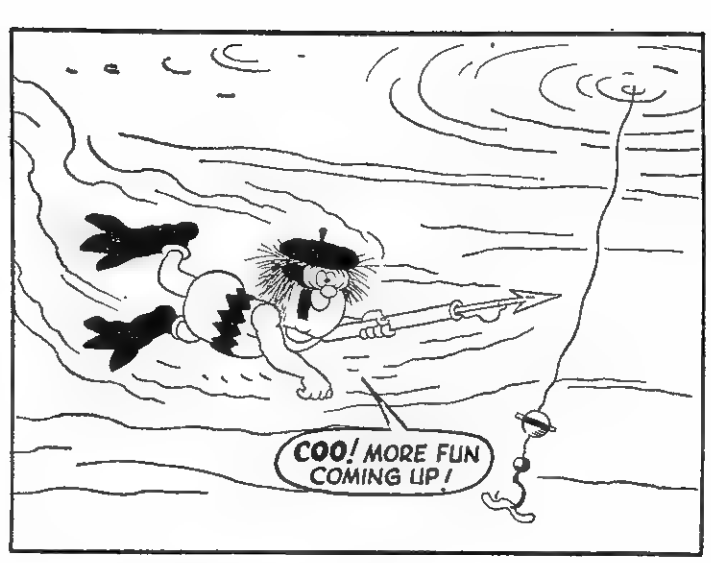




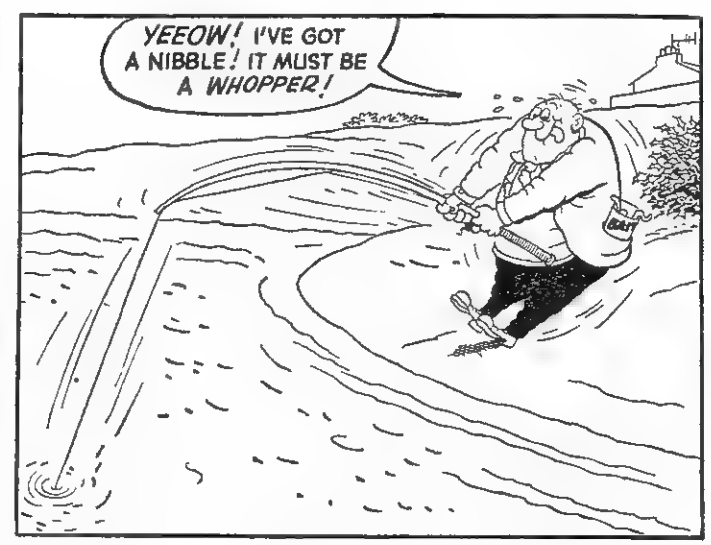


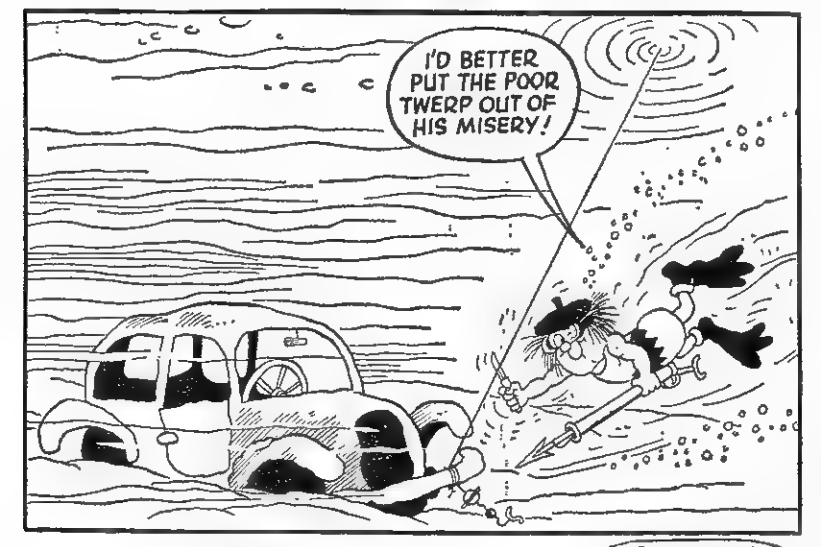


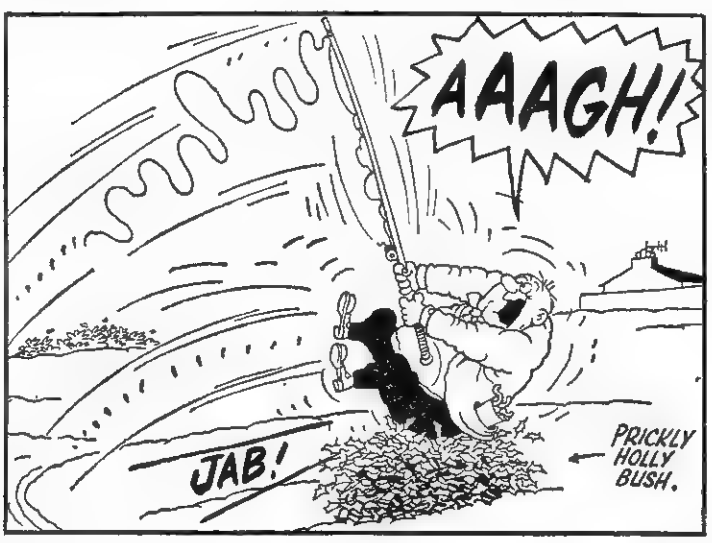

AWK!
LOOK OUT, MR. BROWN — A WHALE'S LANDED ON YOU!
FLABBY CRUNCH!

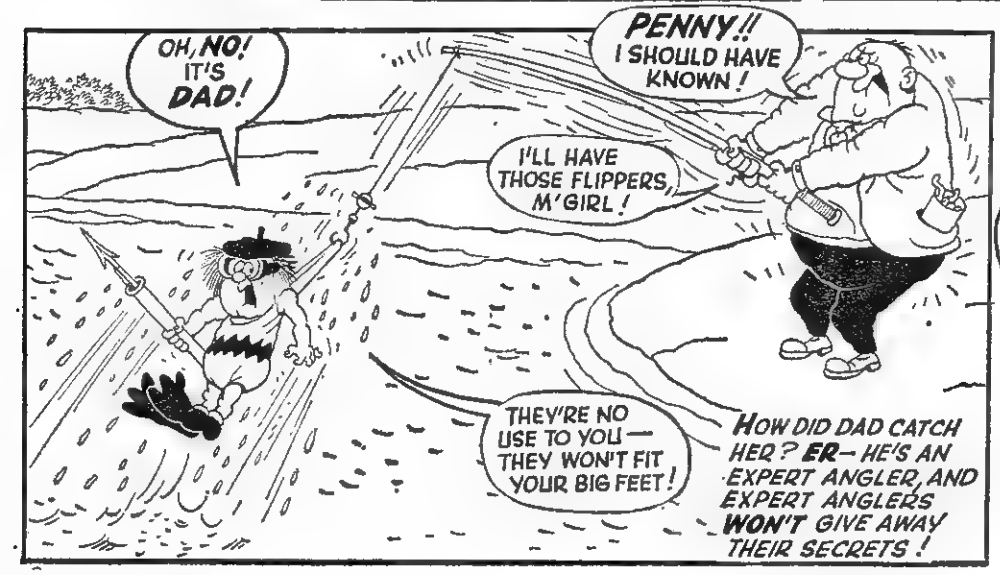

COO! MORE FUN COMING UP!

THIS SHOULD GIVE SOMEONE A BUMPER CATCH ...


YEEOW! I'VE GOT A NIBBLE! IT MUST BE A WHOPPER!


I'D BETTER PUT THE POOR TWERP OUT OF HIS MISERY!

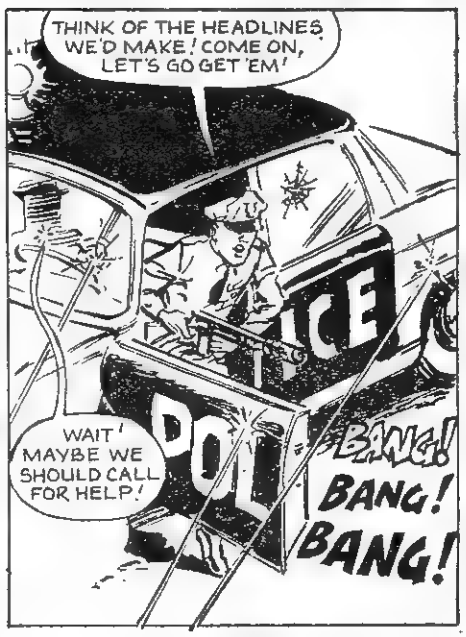

AAAGH!
JAB!
PRICKLY HOLLY BUSH.


OH, NO! IT'S DAD!
PENNY!! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
I'LL HAVE THOSE FLIPPERS, M'GIRL!
THEY'RE NO USE TO YOU — THEY WON'T FIT YOUR BIG FEET!
HOW DID DAD CATCH HER? ER— HE'S AN EXPERT ANGLER, AND EXPERT ANGLERS WON'T GIVE AWAY THEIR SECRETS!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT FEET? THEY'RE PERFECT FOR SIZE!
I'M GOING TO PLAY INDIANS TOMORROW — A BAREFOOT INDIAN!
WHACK!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN AND HIS PRIVATE EYE PARTNER ARE IN TEXAS SAM IS CAPTURED BY OUTLAWS STRAIGHT OUT OF THE OLD WEST, AND RUBBERMAN IS FORCED TO AID THE OUTLAWS IN A BANK HOLD-UP, AND SO IS ALSO WANTED BY THE LAW. RUBBERMAN MAKES A BID TO RESCUE SAM FROM THE OUTLAWS' HIDE-OUT TOWN, BUT...



MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

CAN you balance the point of a needle on the head of a pin? Here is how you do just that—AND make it spin without falling off! . . .

You'll need a couple of things to help you—like a BOTTLE, two CORKS and three FORKS. Crazy? . . . No . . . just put it all together like this. . . .

Push the pin into the cork in the bottle, and the needle into a separate cork.

Now stick your forks into the "needled" cork so the handles stick downwards.

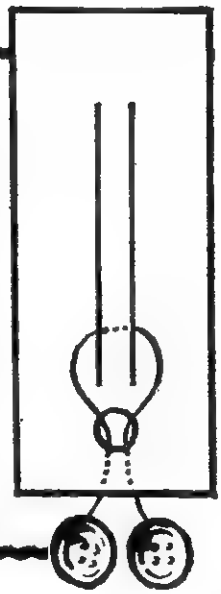
You'll find that the needle will easily balance on the pin—and a gentle tap will send it spinning round.

CHALLENGE!

MAKE two parallel cuts in a strip of paper and below them a hole of the same width as the drawing shows. Pass a piece of thread through the slit—and into the hole.

Tie a button onto each ends of the string—and you're all set for the week's challenge, which is . . . all right, you've guessed . . . TO RELEASE THE STRING WITHOUT TEARING THE PAPER OR REMOVING EITHER OF THE BUTTONS!

Okay, now try to do it before I tell you how NEXT WEEK!



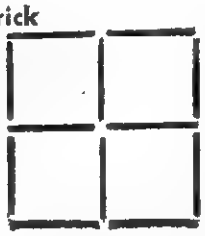
SWEET SUCKERS!

Put three sweets in a row, and cover each of them with a cap you've borrowed from your mates. Raise each cap in turn and eat the sweet underneath. Now ask your audience to point to one of the caps—and say all the sweets will be underneath it!

How do you do it? . . . Simple. Just put the hat they select on your head—! But don't wait around for applause!

Match-Trick

Form four squares of matches as the drawing shows . . . Now remove three of the matches and rearrange the other nine so that they will make three squares. Try before you look at the answer.



ANSWER TO MATCH-TRICK!

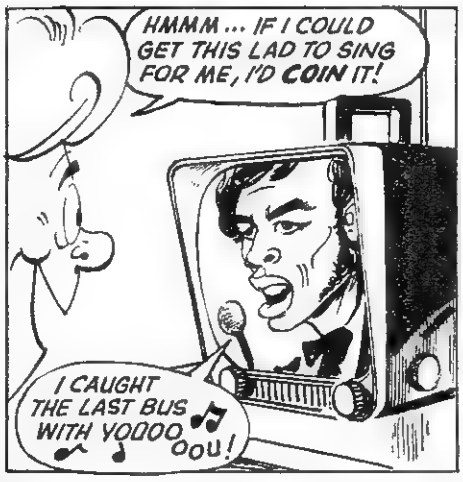
£1 for Knowalls

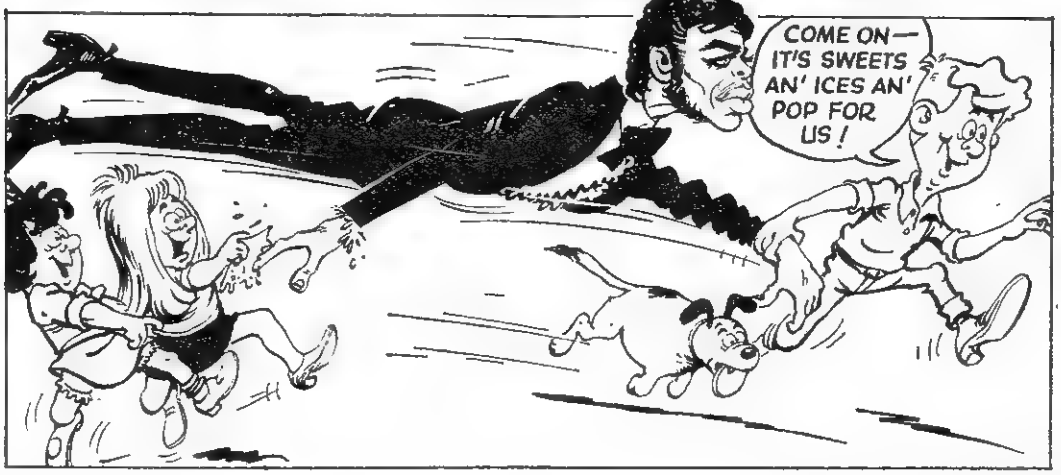
Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

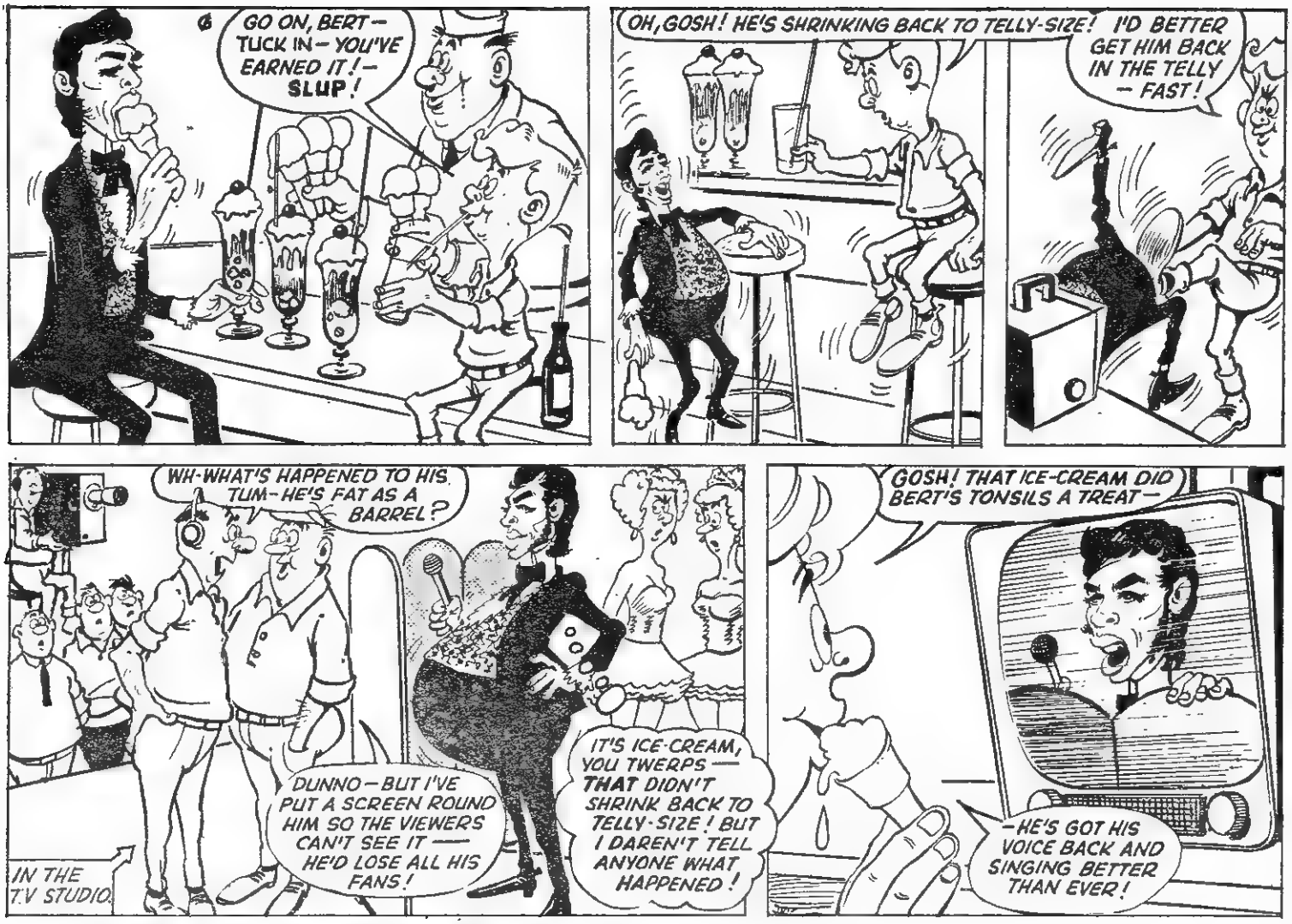
TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...







SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W. C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Keep your ears wide open for the two questions I want to ask you. Ready? Here they come! Number one is, when did Batman and Robin first team up? And number two is, who built the batcopter?

Ahmed Musa,
Corsham, Wilts.

Answer to Q. 1: Batman's and Robin's partnership began when Batman was solving the mystery of the death of Robin's parents and Robin helped him. They made such a good team that they stayed together. Answer to Q. 2: Batman built the Batcopter. Who else?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

A reader of yours named Margaret Wilson said she didn't like the Man from B.UN.G.L.E., but I think it is one of the funniest comic strips in Smash so don't get rid of it! And I think you had a terrific idea in Smash 113 when you gave Brian's Brain a robot body. You should have kept the idea going instead of taking the Brain out of the robot body.

David Cooper,
Stockton-on-Tees.

Glad you're happy with B.UN.G.L.E. and Brain! It's quite a thought to give the Brain a body!—but a robot would be kind of noticeable walking around with Brian and Duffy, wouldn't it? Brian couldn't take it to school, whereas he can stash the Brain's box away somewhere handy, as a rule, or wheel it out as the head of a dummy in an invalid chair. If word got around that he had such a marvellous invention, every villain in comic-dom would be out to nobble it!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Many of your readers have said they like Brian's Brain, but I think it's horrible. When I read Smash I laugh my head off, but when I get to Brian's Brain my face changes till I get past it.

Logan Isherwood,
Clithero, Lancs.

Reckon your face changes anyway—every time you laugh your head off!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I started reading Smash about two months ago and I think it's great. I get it every week. I was reading Smash in class one day and our teacher took it off me and told me to get it at home time. Before I went home I went to the staff room to get my comic and three teachers were reading my Smash. My teacher was one of them, and he gave me a shilling for another one!

Robert Trainer,
Thornaby, Teesside.

So you made fivepence on the deal! Who's complaining?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think your comic is SMASH-ing. I think Daredevil is great. Now I want to ask a question. Why does Daredevil's billy club sometimes have a long rope and sometimes a short rope? When he tries to reach something far off with his billy club the rope seems to grow. When he aims at something near it seems to shrink. But it always stays when he swings across the skyscrapers. And how does he get it off after he's swung across? I made a billy club but every time it wrapped round anything and I pulled, the rope came off.

S.P.S.,
Ilford, Essex.

The billy club is hollow. The line shoots out to a controllable length, and has a hook on the end for catching over ledges etc. As D-D swings towards his target, the line retracts into the club's handle. As for detaching the hook when he's finished swinging about—all we can say is that D-D has obviously mastered a certain professional super-hero type flick of the wrist, which bit of expertise you haven't yet got! But keep practising, tiger—who knows?

Alf and Cos.

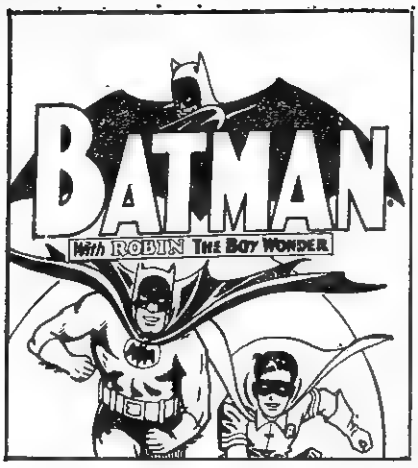
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is

.....

My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.


BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

ROBIN HAS TRACKED BATMAN AND HIS KIDNAPPERS TO THE AIRSTRIP, WHERE HE RUNS INTO "BLUE MAX" BARON AND HIS PLANE. "BLUE MAX" OFFERS TO HELP HIM FIND BATMAN!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! A CROOK LIKE YOU HELPING ME!!
DON'T WORRY, KID -- I'M ON YOUR SIDE!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc. (C) 1968 National Periodical Publications, Inc. ©

"PRETTY BOY" THINKS HE KILLED ME--AND I WANT REVENGE!

WHILE IN KOOM'S PLANE --
ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT... FOR ONE LAST... EFFORT...

BUT PULLED OFF BALANCE, BATMAN'S HEAD STRIKES THE CABIN WALL!
CRACK!

QUICK! GIMME A HAND WITH HIM!!
WE'LL THROW HIM OUT WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!

LOOK! THE PLANE'S COMING BACK! AND IT'S TRAILING SMOKE!!
WORSE THAN THAT, KID! LOOK!

OH, NO!! IT CAN'T BE!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
FACE IT, KID -- THIS TIME BATMAN IS FINISHED!

ARE THERE ANY PARACHUTES IN THE PLANE??
ONLY ONE... BUT THERE'S NO USE ANYWAY, ROBIN --
BOB KANE

--BATMAN'S FALLING TOO FAST! YOU COULD NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!

THE RUSH OF ICY AIR SWEEPS THE COBWEBS FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS BATMAN'S BRAIN, AND --
IS--IS THIS A NIGHTMARE...! OR AM I REALLY PLUMMETING TO MY DOOM ?!?

BATMAN HURTLES DOWN-WARD... FASTER... EVER FASTER...
CAN'T...GIVE UP! GOT TO...TRY SOMETHING...!

LOOK! HE'S USING HIS CAPE AS AN AIRFOIL!
A COURAGEOUS TRY -- BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

I CAN'T FLY LIKE A BAT--BUT MAYBE I CAN GLIDE--?

BATMAN'S GLIDING! HE'S SLOWED DOWN!!
--AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL!

IF HE HITS THE GROUND, EVEN AT THAT SPEED, HE COULD NEVER SURVIVE THE IMPACT!

GET AS CLOSE TO BATMAN AS YOU CAN! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
WITH ONE CHUTE ??ARE YOU CRAZY!?

MAYBE...BUT IF BATMAN DIES--I'D JUST AS SOON DIE WITH HIM!

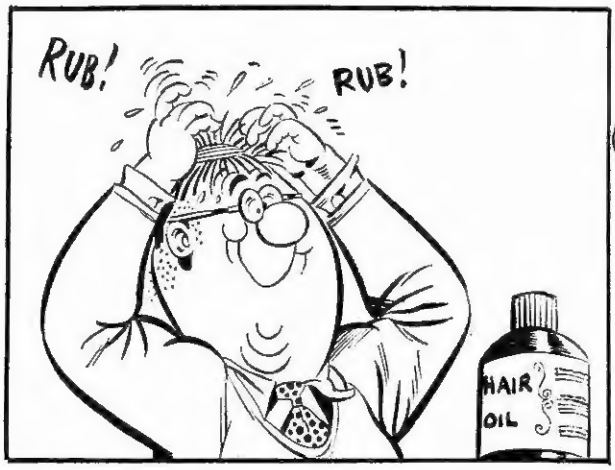
THAT PLANE -- GETTING CLOSE! AND IN THE OPEN DOOR--CAN IT BE--???

ROBIN! NO!! DON'T DO IT!!!

BUT--!
GERONIMO!

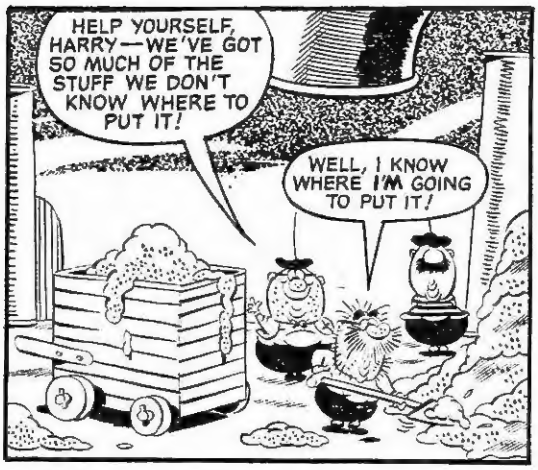
NOW IF I CAN SKY-DIVE TO HIM, WE MAY HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!
BATINUED NEXT ISH!

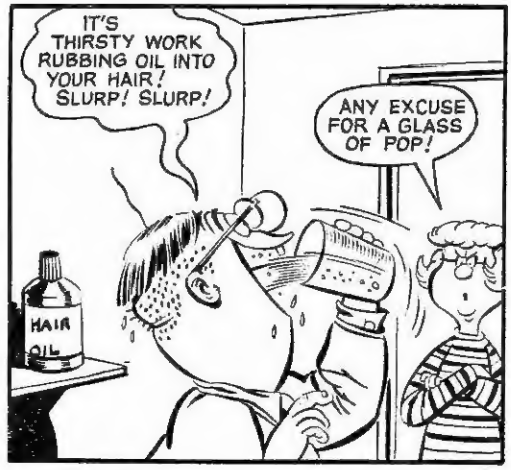
THE NERVS

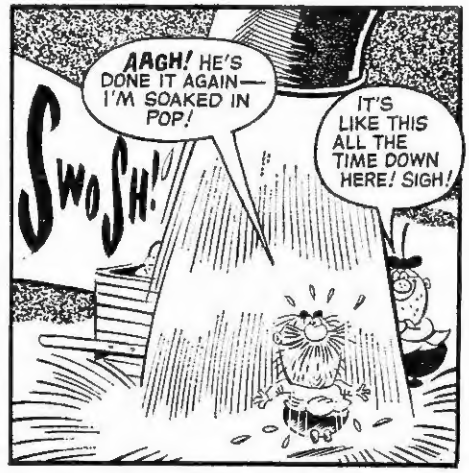

RUB!
RUB!
HAIR OIL

AAGH! OLD FATTY'S NUT MUST BE LEAKING!
HE'S DRENCHING US WITH HIS PERISHING HAIR OIL!

I'LL POP DOWN TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT AND GET SOME STICKY SEMOLINA TO STUFF UP THOSE BLINKING HOLES BEFORE WE ALL GET DROWNED!

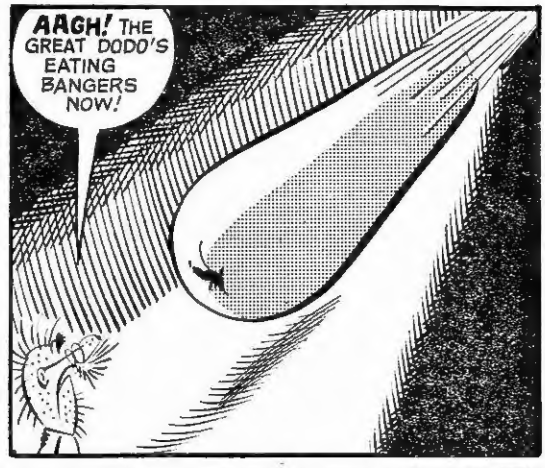

HELP YOURSELF, HARRY—WE'VE GOT SO MUCH OF THE STUFF WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT IT!
WELL, I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING TO PUT IT!

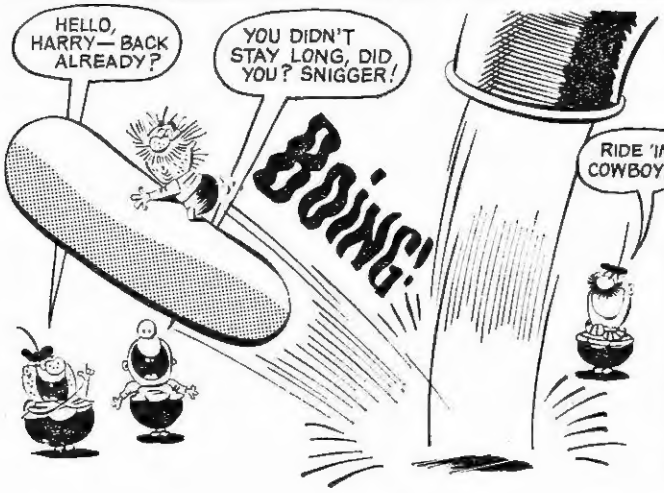

IT'S THIRSTY WORK RUBBING OIL INTO YOUR HAIR! SLURP! SLURP!
ANY EXCUSE FOR A GLASS OF POP!
HAIR OIL

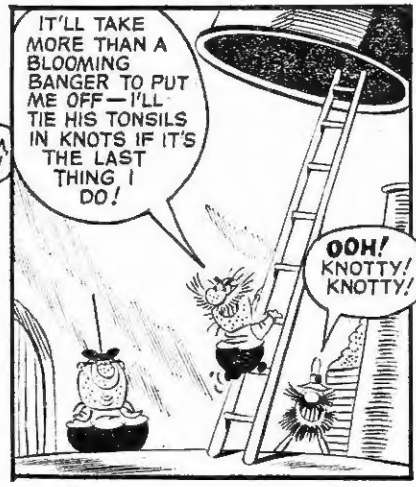

AAGH! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN—I'M SOAKED IN POP!
IT'S LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME DOWN HERE! SIGH!
SWOSH!

GRR! I'LL FIX THE FAT OAF—I'LL NIP UP AND TIE THE TWERP'S TONSILS IN KNOTS!
ER-ER—WE WOULDN'T GO UP THERE IF WE WERE YOU!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THIS THING WAS CLEANED OUT—THAT'S A BIT OF LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS PUD THERE!

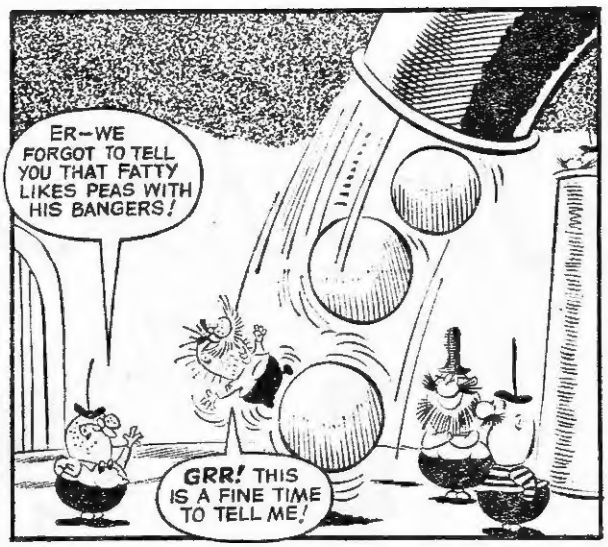

AAGH! THE GREAT DODO'S EATING BANGERS NOW!

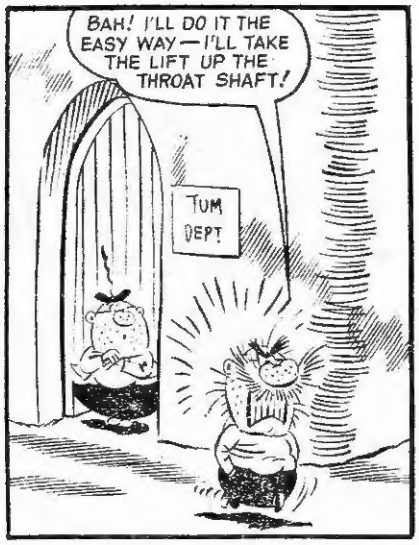

HELLO, HARRY—BACK ALREADY?
YOU DIDN'T STAY LONG, DID YOU? SNIGGER!
BOING!
RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

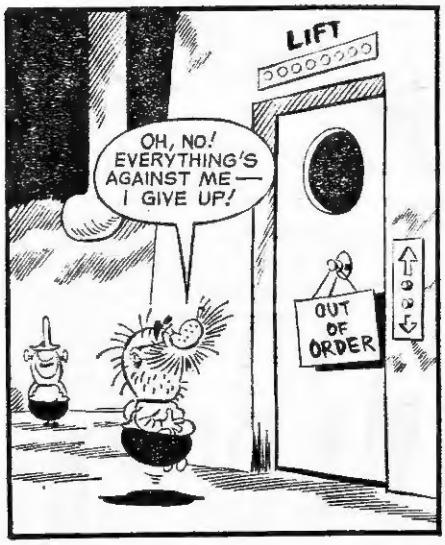

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A BLOOMING BANGER TO PUT ME OFF—I'LL TIE HIS TONSILS IN KNOTS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
OOH! KNOTTY! KNOTTY!

HEH! HEH! IT WON'T HALF PUT THE TWERP OFF HIS GRUB—HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SWALLOW WITH KNOTTED TONSILS!

RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
G-GULP! SOUNDS LIKE MORE GRUB ON THE WAY DOWN!

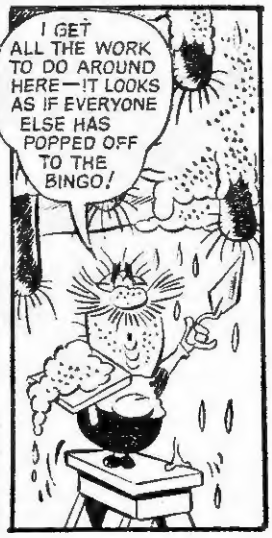

ER—WE FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT FATTY LIKES PEAS WITH HIS BANGERS!
GRR! THIS IS A FINE TIME TO TELL ME!


BAH! I'LL DO IT THE EASY WAY—I'LL TAKE THE LIFT UP THE THROAT SHAFT!
TUM DEPT

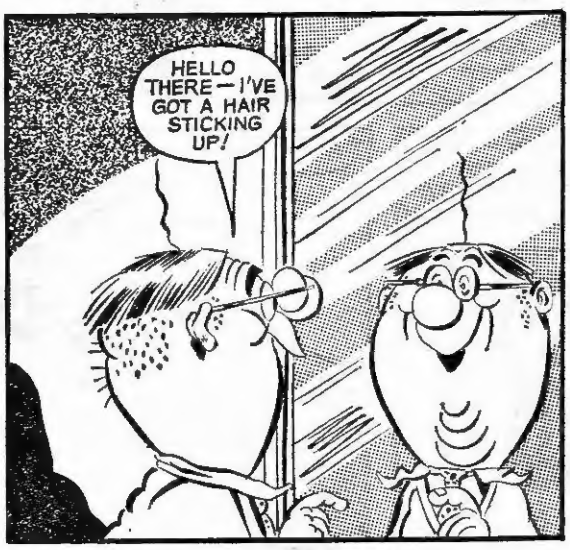

LIFT
OH, NO! EVERYTHING'S AGAINST ME— I GIVE UP!
OUT OF ORDER

STILL I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LEAKY NUT.

I MIGHT AS WELL DO THE WHOLE CEILING WHILE I'M AT IT!

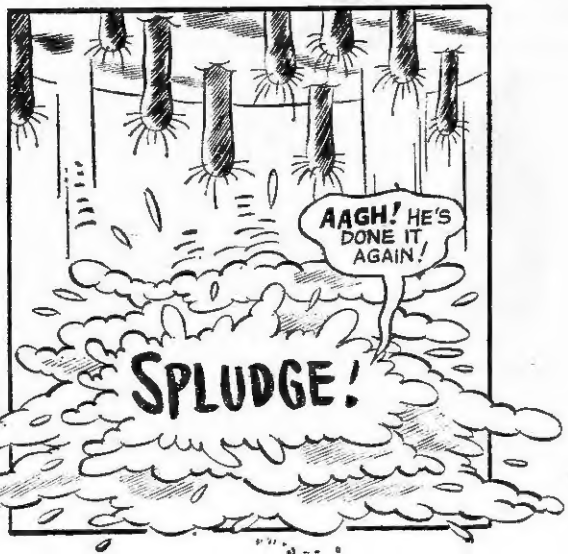

I GET ALL THE WORK TO DO AROUND HERE—IT LOOKS AS IF EVERYONE ELSE HAS POPPED OFF TO THE BINGO!

WELL, AT LEAST I'LL BE DRY NOW— OLD FATTY CAN'T HARM ME!
HAIR TONIC


HELLO THERE—I'VE GOT A HAIR STICKING UP!

THUMP!
THERE— THAT'S IT DOWN!

THUMP!


AAGH! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!
SPLUDGE!

WHAT'S THE USE!!!!????

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH